Congo News Letter

JULY 1955

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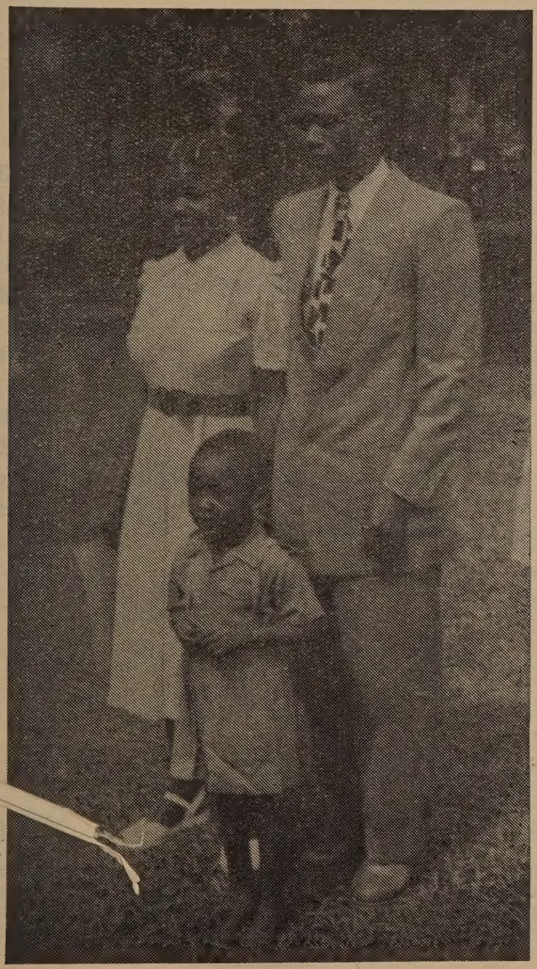

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CONGO NEWS LETTER

Vol. XLVII July 1955 No. 3

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Editor

ETHEL D. BROWN

Published Quarterly by the Missionaries of the A.B.F.M.S.

Subscription price 75 cents a year; 3 years or 3 subscriptions for $2.00. Subscriptions may be sent to Treasurer, A.B.F.M.S., 152 Madison Ave., New York 16, N.Y. Subscription price in Congo 35 francs. Address correspondence to Editor C.N.L., B. P. 4141, Leopoldville 2, Belgian Congo.

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Congo Temple of Green

John 4 : 24

In a temple of shady greenness
'Neath arches of branches and leaves
The believer, worshipping there in truth
The touch of the Father receives.
The humble, seeking heart feels the touch
Of the merciful Father's love
E'en as the bare, bowed head feels the warmth
Of light, leaf-diffused from above.

As in spirit and truth I worship
In a temple or 'neath a tree
I will pour out my soul, O Father,
And ask Thee to touch even me.

— JANET BOONE

FISHERS OF MEN

H. D. Brown

THE call of the disciples by the shore of the Sea of Galilee is a familiar one. It is not only familiar, it is a stirring reminder of the way Christ the Lord can grip a man's heart and lay hold on him for service. The fishermen were soon joined by others who left their occupations to follow where He led them. The story has been repeated ever since, for in every age and country since then men have heard the call of the Lord, have risen up and followed him. A group of fifteen modern disciples has completed the first of four years of training for the ministry at E.P.I., Kimpese. They are first of all men who have clearly heard the call of their Lord to serve him as pastors. They are men who have either spent four years at E.P.I. at some previous time and have, with the diploma which they had earned, had experience as evangelists or teachers, or they have scholastic ability which places them on an equal footing with those who received their training at E.P.I. All of them have given years of faithful and competent service within their missions and have been sent as a result of careful selection. We hope to recruit enough men for this course to be able to offer it every two years. The training they will get is more advanced than that received by most of the men now doing the work of pastor or evangelist. An untrained or insufficiently trained body of Christian workers is one of the prime factors in the relatively weak church in the Congo and with government emphasis on secondary education which is producing young men who are alert and well informed it is imperative that the Christian mission provide men of God equally alert and well informed who can shepherd the new generation and lead them to Christ.

Our class of fifteen men enjoy a certain distinction. They are few among the thousands in Christian service. But in coming to E.P.I. they did so at sacrifice which outweighs the possible glamor. All are married men, some of them with large families numbering six and even seven children. The younger students in the teacher training schools have the backing of their families. The men in the school of theology, themselves heads of families, have no such backing. Some of them have even had to endure the opposition of

their relatives in coming here. The teaching profession offers a comparatively comfortable salary. The pastorate holds out no such promise. Financial sacrifice is involved in the choice of these men. They will end their four years of study with trained minds and ready hearts but purses that are empty. One man sold his possessions so that he might use the cash to supplement what he gets as he studies. But there is no sense of anxiety or strain. Recent visitors to E.P.I. from the business world were struck with the spirit of joy and fellowship which marked the daily life of staff members and students. There is sacrifice but there is also a great, continuing purpose. It is the purpose of men who are ready to serve the Lord, knowing already something of the cost but counting it gain.

The men who are here came because of a deep conviction, — the certainty that God was calling them. All of them have a Christian faith which has been tested by experience, sometimes dramatically. One man, before entering the service of his mission, was a post office employee on night duty. Going to work one night he found a man wounded at the side of the road. It was the story of the good Samaritan all over again. While others were avoiding him he helped him, got him to a hospital where the patient was received in an unconscious condition. And then his rescuer was accused of having tried to murder him and was arrested by the police. Things looked bad until the wounded man, regaining consciousness, said enough to cause his release. That happened to one of the fifteen, but not one of the fourteen others would do differently were he, one dark night, to find a man lying wounded by the side of the road. Much of the world today lies wounded at the roadside. The wounds are spiritual. Educational programs may raise the standard of living but they do not solve the problem of sin. That must be met by Christ the Savior, and He still seeks and saves the lost through the ministry of those whom He has called to be fishers of men. Thank God for men of Africa who have heard His call and answered it.

FIRST FRUITS

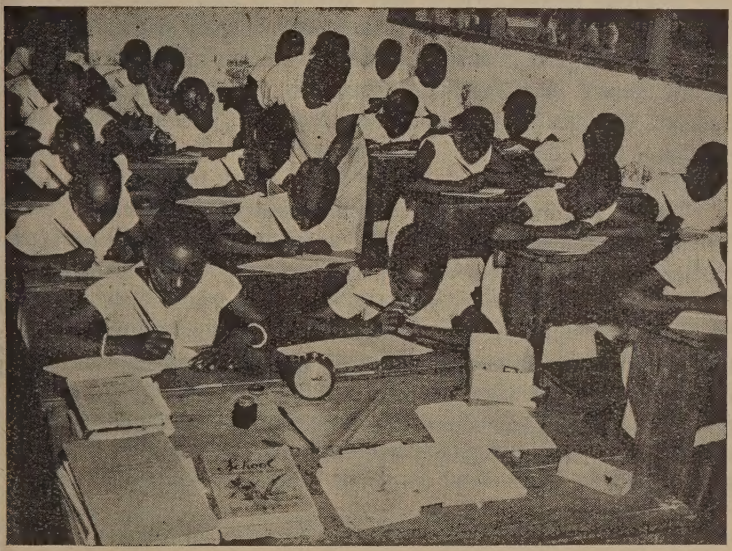
ROSE UHLINGER

AT first glance this school visit would not have seemed any different from the many others we had made in Belgium. The boys jumped to their feet standing respectfully beside their seats as the teacher entered the room. They participated well in the discussion—only very occasionally getting giggly as junior-high aged boys will. The teacher started his lesson on the Crusades at a point familiar to lads in a Catholic country: pilgrimages to Lourdes and other "holy places," then went on to explain how in the middle ages people were unable to make pilgrimages to the Holy Lands because they were in the control of Moslems. He skilfully showed the economic and political reasons, as well as religious, for "liberating" the Holy Lands; and the effect of these crusades on all European civilization. In fifteen minutes he cleared up a picture in my mind of this period in history, which had been hazy since I first studied about it.

The next group to come in, being older — the age of U.S. high school boys—were more serious; more aware of the fact that at any time they could "flunk" out of this school which was preparing them for their chosen profession as primary school teachers. It was a French lesson and the teacher privately informed us that he had to give quite a bit of help to some of the boys as they come from an area that spoke Waloon in their homes—that is an older form of French more akin to Latin than modern day French. It was then that the extra-ordinariness of the whole situation struck me — for this teacher who was giving the pupils extra help on their French was not a Belgian; he was an *African*, born and brought up in the Belgian Congo with a Bantu language for his native tongue. (French is only one of *four* European languages he has studied in school).

Remy Malutama, whom we had been observing, was doing his *stage* (internship), required before he receives his degree as *Regent* this June as a qualified teacher for the first 3-year cycle of a Secondary school. By the date of this issue he will have received his Regency under the eyes of his proud wife, Louise—who is being flown to Belgium at government expense for the event —

and of the Minister of Colonies who plans to participate in this the second occasion in history when a Congolese has received this degree from a Belgian school.



In July this consecrated Christian couple will attend the Baptist World Alliance as delegates from the Belgian Congo. It's been said that Louise Malutama will be the only African *woman* delegate there and because of that the Nigerian Baptist Church (Southern) is helping to pay her expenses from Belgium to England. In the fall they will return to Banza Manteke where Remy has been designated to the Secondary School. His help in passing the French course will be greatly missed by the ABFMS missionaries studying in Belgium, but he will be heartily welcomed back to Congo as our highest trained Christian leader so far.

Before this school year is out 13 other pioneers will be the first Congolese Christians to complete the Normal School course for Elementary School teachers, here at Kimpese. Two of these

young men are already designated to become full members of the Kimpese staff. (At present there is only one African, a pastor, who is a full member of the staff). The members of this class have already had experience as teachers in our mission schools before the Normal school, where they could receive more advanced work, was created. Elsewhere in this *News Letter* you have read of the Theological Course at Kimpese which now is training the second group who graduate from this our highest school for pastors. For years we have had consecrated African pastors and teachers; now they will be even more effective because that consecration is combined with higher standards of training.

These days more and more responsibility is being turned over to the Congolese leaders. The mission reference committee which takes care of mission business between yearly Conferences has equal representation (and votes) of Africans and missionaries. The yearly Conferences, to date, have one elected African representative from each mission station. Each year we should move closer to the time when all responsibility is taken by Congolese Christians. Thanks to better education that day *is* getting closer—the day when we will have a truly indigenous "Church of Christ in Congo."

CONGO SCHOOL OF THE PROPHETS

JANET BOONE

A few years ago *Institut Biblique* — I. B. — was a dream, a plan on paper, a hope in missionary hearts. The dream has come true. Plans have become walls and buildings. The hope has come alive in three classes of ministerial students now in training and eleven graduates already serving Congo churches. The missionary founders are Lewis and Susie Brown with whom we are now working.

Shepherds of Congo

Congo churches need trained leaders who represent Christianity in all phases of life. Each pastor — "shepherd" in the Kikongo language — with his family is expected by his constituency to

be pastor, counsellor and elder brother. The more willing and consecrated he is the more diligently he labors to change a backward African village into a wholesome Christian community. He builds a church among his Congolese brethren who are in varying stages of cultural development. He lives a neighbor to a largely unlearned and superstitious people. The further removed he is from Leopoldville and other "centers of civilization" the more primitive will be his sheep. He represents the Good Shepherd who wants them to have life and have it more abundantly.

Physical

In this physical realm we teach agriculture in theory and in practice. They are taught the value of a balanced diet. We stress practical hygiene along with formal hygiene classes. They hear the-reason-why we follow rules of health. When they leave us they will work among people who believe sickness comes from evil spirits and cures come from fetishes and the concoctions of a witch doctor. Will they be able to show convincingly how to avoid most diseases through hygienic living? At least we hope they will try to teach their less learned brothers how to meet sickness intelligently and lead them to seek medical help when possible.

Our daily task is to impress our students to follow and understand simple rules as washing wounds, using *clean* cloths for bandages, covering a cough, destroying insect breeding places and fighting disease with fresh air, sunshine and soap. You say — how simple! We reply — what a victory if each I. B. graduate will be able to faithfully follow just such simple rules of hygiene and health and teach them to his neighbors!

Mental

Here in I. B. the pastor-in-training studies Old and New Testament, Doctrine, Theology, Biblical Geography, Homiletics, Evangelism which includes soul-winning, Church History, Christian Ethics, Pastoral Administration plus essential tool subjects. Our hours of teaching and preparation of materials are amply rewarded by the students enthusiasm and their growth. They develop before our eyes and challenge us with questions. We

want them to continue to grow and encourage their people to *want* education for themselves and for their children. We hope for an educated ministry and an educated laiety.

Spiritual

Most of our students are family men. Each student family — husband, wife and children — is here to learn. All attend classes. While here they grow individually and together as a Christian family. We earnestly covet real spiritual growth for each dusky Timothy. It can't be lectured into them and it doesn't come with a certificate yet without it a Christian leader can do nothing. We believe each I. B. student is converted, consecrated and called by God. They come here to grow as they study the Word and as they live together in this Christian atmosphere. They develop as they work, pray, study and play. They do practical evangelistic team work which introduces them to the privilege of seeking the lost and preaching the Word.

There is much that can't easily be written on paper. We feel more than see the growing pains of a developing people, the beautiful consecration of Congolese hearts, the Christian fellowship in our multi-tribed student body, the conviction of the divine call to serve, the every heart need to help and be helped.

Our I. B. school song is the Kikongo version of the well known hymn "Seeking the Lost". The hymn and the hope of this Congo School of the Prophets —

Seeking the lost, and pointing to Jesus
Souls that are weak, and hearts that are sore;
Leading them forth in ways of salvation,
Showing the path to life evermore.

WOMEN FORWARD

ETHEL D. BROWN

THE cover picture has a special story connected with it. They are not just an ordinary Christian family, but an extraordinary one because Yikulwadio, the wife and mother in the picture has just received her diploma after completing four years in our teachers' training school, called in French, *Ecole de Moniteurs*. Perhaps to you this doesn't seem much of an accomplishment, but she is the first woman to receive such a diploma from our school here. We have a women's school, but the courses do not come up to the standard of the monitors' school.

Yikulwadio came to EPI in 1949*; for one year she attended the women's school and one year in a two-year course in the men's school, while her husband Lukombo was following the course for "monitors". She showed such unusual ability she then entered the monitors' school as a regular student. She did not take a low place in the class but was in the upper half all through her course. The ordinary Congo women is a slow thinker when it comes to school work, but Yikulwadio had no trouble following all the courses required in our school. When she finished this year she was seventh from the top in a class of 32. When Lukombo finished his four years, he stayed on at EPI as a teacher, to permit his wife to continue her studies. All through her four years she has had her home and family to care for, and that means two full time jobs. It is done very commonly in our country, but it is a real innovation here in Congo for a wife and mother to follow a complete course of studies. Both Yikulwadio and Lukombo are now teaching in the station school at Banza Manteke.

We had another unique phase to our graduation exercises this year, there was a class of twenty-four women who completed a two year course in teacher-training. This is somewhat less exacting than the "monitors" course, but it required much more time and study than the women's school. After completing this course and receiving a diploma, these women are qualified to teach in the lower grades in the government schools. All twenty-four are wives of either students or teachers and almost all have

*See *Congo News Letter* for April 1954. — The story of Yikulwadio's life.

small children. It was a very hard grind for them and they were very courageous to keep it up for the full two years. All of them received a diploma and are in teaching work now. We have seven here whose husbands are still students or teachers. They are teaching the lower grades and kindergarten.

The graduation exercises were much more colorful this year due to the class of women having a part. They chose a yellow rayon material with a satin stripe for their dresses; they were made in different styles but all had yellow. They looked very festive. In the afternoon a tea was given in their honor. They all left their children with friends or with their husbands and took the afternoon off. When the tea was over they went in a group from house to house, singing a little song which they had composed: "We are going, Mama, we are going; thank you, thank you."

For many years we have prayed and worked and hoped for Congo's women to take a leading place in the development of the Church of Christ in Congo and now we are beginning to see the fruits of our prayers and labors. The women going out from here as teachers will also be leaders in the church work for our schools and church are so closely knitted that to work in one is to work in the other. Those who attend the women's school also are being taught and trained to return to their people as leaders. Most of the women stay here for four years and during that time we endeavor to instill in them the need to become leaders so that they may work along with their husbands in raising the women in their villages to a higher level, helping them to leave their superstitions and ancestral customs which are non-Christian, and put their faith in Christ their Saviour. The Lord does transform lives, we see living examples daily in our students and although the women are more difficult to win and teach we see living examples among them of people who have left behind the old life and are earnestly trying to become faithful and fruitful servants of the Lord.

The small group of women who are wives of the men in our pastors' school are of special interest. Their families are well along, some have children who are married, and all have some small children. They have been settled for a few years in pastoral work or in teaching and have left their work to become students again. It

is a real sacrifice on the part of the women for they get so little to live on. Yet the women have been willing to come for the four years their husbands will need to be here for their course in pastoral training. They too are getting training useful to them which will fit them for work along beside their husbands.

We see the work of training women in places of leadership going along little by little. The progress is steady. As we look back over a few years we can see that much has been accomplished but we see also that they have a long way to go still. Please pray for the women who are to be the future leaders among the women in Congo. They are pioneers and need your prayers as they go forward.

CHORE OR CHALLENGE

ANNIS H. FORD

AS little as only 7 years ago the average Protestant missionary's working vocabulary did not contain such words as "subsidies", "building grants", "school reports", nor even the all-time thriller, "inspection". Educational work was carried on by the missions, each according to its own capacity and convictions, with such items as programs of study, hours per week, and even the yearly calendar, subject mostly to individual station rule, and highly dependant upon such determining factors as the amount of the mission's own educational appropriation, the number and qualifications of available *moniteurs*, the cost of running boarding schools, and last but not least, upon the available missionary personnel, their individual attitude towards school work, and often the amount of time which could be devoted to teaching and supervision alongside of a fully charged program of building, evangelism, or even medical work.

Was the work being accomplished? If we think in terms of quantity, perhaps the rating for Protestant missions is not so high; if we are thinking of quality, our schools may be compared with the best. Thousands of Congolese trained in church and mission

supported schools occupy places of great responsibility in government offices, banks, commercial firms and transportation companies, in the colonial customs offices, and in the armed forces. Hundreds more serve ably as Christian leaders, medical workers, and teachers. Most important of all is that the primary aim of establishing mission-schools was being achieved: — each year saw thousands of young people enter into the Christian Church through the channels of the classroom, thus insuring for the future a literate and intelligent church constituency.

Then why was it necessary for the "old order" to change? The answer is very direct: —In order to keep faith with our Congolese Christians and their children; to endeavor to obtain for them the same privileges offered by the government to children of Catholic faith. As long as the government has not yet provided a public school system for the great majority of children, and chooses to do its educational work through the Christian missions, Protestant and Catholic, we owe this much to the African Church, that their children be taught in recognized schools, by recognized qualified teachers of the mission's choosing, and that they graduate holding in their possession a recognized certificate.

The following paragraphs will set forth some of both the disadvantages and the advantages of the "new order". As you read, perhaps you too will conclude that what so often appear to us as chores should in reality be interpreted as a challenge to serve, educate, and win the youth of Congo for Christ and His Church.

As one visits among a number of mission stations, one remarks that almost invariably an evening's conversation will turn within a very few minutes to some phase of the mission's school work and to the additional "chores" which confront the educational missionaries who participate in the government subsidy program. The following statements are typical:

"Oh for the good old days when we closed school whenever the money ran out!" "It's a shame we can no longer spend the dry season itinerating in our villages!" "These records and inventories are a headache!" "We've just lost another teacher, and with no replacement on hand we shall lose our subsidy on that whole class!"

These are just a few of the expressions indicative of our hasty feelings, our quick reactions. Is there in them an element of truth? Of course there is. Whenever there is an attempt to raise standards and follow a unified program, there is also to be expected added responsibility; to put it more plainly, — more work.

The next question; — is it worth it? If the work as formerly carried on gave a normal amount of satisfaction, why do we take upon ourselves the so apparently distasteful chores? As was said before, we owe it to our Christian people. For our answers let us look first to those people with whom or for whose children we work.

The Protestant father pays his taxes at the same rate as the parent of any other faith. His children should enjoy the same right of free state-aided education as the children of any other faith, and in a school of his own confession.

The Congolese young people also should not be denied the privilege and security of graduating from a school whose certificate is recognized by all government offices and commercial houses. We owe to our members and followers at least the effort of realising these two possibilities, even if the actual circumstances do not permit us to accomplish these goals immediately.

Now ask the Congolese Christian teacher where he stands in this issue. Right away he will in all probability tell you he should not like to return to the salary status of pre-subsidy days. Moreover he is happy to know that he has a twelve month paying job. Is that a mercenary attitude? If so, how many pastors do you know who accept their church call on an eight to ten month basis? The teachers will also tell you that the shorter and less frequent vacations result in a more regular attendance record, with far fewer children losing interest and dropping by the way. Education is still not compulsory in Congo. Neither will they forget to mention the fact that only recently have some of them been able to teach a lesson to a class in which each child has a textbook to follow, and a note-book in which to write his assignments.

Will they name any hardships? Perhaps a few: — more detailed lesson plans; teaching on Saturday; visits, (frequently impromptu), by official and missionary inspectors; all of which the more serious and thoughtful teachers will agree really improve

the quality of their instruction.

Next ask the missionary, the third person directly involved in this program. Were the statements earlier quoted his or her honest convictions? I doubt it, and furthermore, we have not yet heard of a mission which has decided to withdraw from the subsidy agreement. It would be difficult to find a missionary teacher in charge of one or several schools who would by preference return to the "old order"; who would relinquish the teaching aids made available by state intervention; who would expect to accomplish a year's course of reading in a class which claimed only one book; who could work happily day after day with an underpaid national staff, and expect them in turn to respect their profession.

Have Protestant missions forfeited any religious rights or compromised any cherished convictions by joining in the acceptance of state aid? No. We are as free as ever to determine our courses of religious instruction. If anything, more time is now devoted to Bible classes, as the 6-day week demands six ½ hour periods of religious instruction per week. Sunday and off-time programs go on as usual. The lengthened school year adds more hours in which to attend to the spiritual needs of our young people.

Have we lost sight of the purpose for which mission schools were originally established? No. Our training schools enter and prepare more students than before, and the turn-over of staffing decreases every year as the teaching profession becomes more stable and more respected. And finally, we are reaching more boys and girls every year, without whom there would be little hope for the future of the Christian Church in Congo.

MBUNDANI 1955

ARLEY R. BROWN

THIRTY-FOUR African delegates and ten missionaries represented the eight stations and some two hundred fifty churches of our Congo Mission at the second *Mbundani* (inter-church conference) this year at Kikongo. Most came by truck, twenty-two in the Sona Bata truck specially fitted with five rows of wooden seats, said to be copied from the latest Greyhound.

The conference opened in good spirits on Sunday morning March 27. Roland Metzger and Jean Lubikulu, pastor at Leo-west, were chosen co-chairmen of the conference. The delegates were divided into the four conference committees, Administration, Education, Evangelism and Finance. Morning worship followed, with Kikongo Christians and students of the Bible Institute sharing with us all the joy of meeting with God in their beautiful new church. In the afternoon the delegates were led around the station. Especially encouraging were the many new permanent buildings long needed and now appearing, including church, boy's dorm, hospital wards, maternity, school offices and the Bible Institute. Having seen and rejoiced with Kikongo station's development, the conference that evening heard a report from each station as well as from the Mission Secretary. A note of sincere thanksgiving prevailed throughout, as the faithfulness and labor of God's people was recounted on each station, and the Holy Spirit seemed to bind us especially together as we heard both of God's blessings and of the disappointments and testings.

On Monday morning and part of the afternoon the conference committees worked. Business was finally finished Tuesday night. Some of the significant actions taken were the establishment of an Mbundani treasury from which "home mission" aid will be given a new work at Kenge; the choice of the first African Secretary of the Mbundani; approval of the proposed African council of the Congo Protestant Council, recommendation for the establishment of two new stations within present A.B.F.M.S. territory; steps toward the establishment of a pension plan for mission employees; agreement for the reemphasis of teaching biblical tithing.

On Monday and Tuesday afternoons Congolese delegates were quickly intrigued by the demonstration of homemade flannelgraph sets presented by the Boones at the Bible Institute. Coloring and cutting out their own figures they were able to take home complete sets with background for two and three stories.

The conference evenings were enriched with messages from Kwama, theological student at Kimpese, who set us thinking anew on familiar passages. Like a Thanksgiving dinner which comes once a year it was with feeling that our fellowship had been complete and satisfying, but not long enough enjoyed, when Wednesday came and we separated once again. But the bonds are becoming stronger each year in the young Congo churches. The art of working together took a new God-directed step forward in the 1955 Mbundani conference.

WOMEN AT PRAYER IN LEOPOLDVILLE

LEE WEAVER

MY faith was much too small! A light rain had been falling all night, and in the morning we were still having quite a steady drizzle, so that I said to Jerry, "Well, we won't have many women at the World Day of Prayer meeting this morning." How wrong I was! By the time I got the children off to school and the baby bathed and fed, and started across the road to the Sim's Chapel, most of the benches in the chapel were already filled and many more women were coming down the sandy street to the service. I couldn't help wondering how many of us would walk two kilometres in even a light rain, carrying (in most cases) a baby on our backs, and perhaps leading another small child by the hand. Before the service was over there were women and children filling all the benches, and all the floor space except for a tiny aisle left down the middle of the chapel. There were more than 200 women and older girls, the older school girls were dismissed to come to the service, not counting any of the small children and babies!

Our service here in Léopoldville was held in the two languages, Kikongo and Lingala, since our church is really a bi-lingual church. We used the women and girls to lead the service as much as possible, and Rhoda Armstrong was telling me how happy she was because this year we had quite a group of literate women from whom to choose to read the various sections. Some of them read haltingly, it's true, but they read, and it was *their* program. How thankful we are that the women here in Congo are beginning to take their place in the church, and are learning to become more useful and effective Christians. How we wish that the people at home could have looked in on our service this morning—— to see Mama Mattie hand her month-old baby to another woman while she came to read the call to worship — to watch Mama Oropa walk gracefully up the tiny aisle with baby Cecile sound asleep on her back, and give her part in Lingala — to see Mama Kaba sitting by the open door where the light was best, but still squinting her very weak eyes to read the program — to hear the women and children sing out with great enthusiasm the chorus

of "Take the Name of Jesus With You" — to note the remarkable poise with which the sixth grade girls, so much more "Europeanized" than their mothers, read their parts. These fleeting impressions were striking to me, because this was my first meeting of this kind in Congo. Just as striking were the mass of small children sitting on mats or on the floor, often wiggling and squirming, but generally reasonably quiet and how incongrous to see the blond heads of Miriam Brown and our Cindy bobbing among the kinky black ones; the mothers quickly nursing their babies when they started to cry; the delight in their eyes when Ruth Brown and I played the flute and accordion for the prelude and singng. What a joy it is to do things for and with these women, because they are so appreciative and eager to learn.

As I sat there during the program and listened to the speaking, most of which I still don't understand, I wondered just what the service meant to those women. By any of our standards the atmosphere couldn't have been considered reverent, because there were constant cries of babies, shuffling of feet, and the sounds of the near-by shipyard. During one of the prayers a dump-truck came and dumped a load of sand in the road right in front of the chapel, so that to my ears the noise was almost bedlam. Many of the women who read or prayed spoke with such soft voices that I could hardly hear them. But then I thought that the very fact that they were there indicated a desire to worship — a hunger for the things of God, and that they certainly could receive whether they heard the actual service or not. As we listened to women from the different tribes praying in their own tribal language (seven different languages were represented), I thought again of the thousands of women here in this city, coming from the many tribes of this area, and of their great need for the gospel of Christ. How thankful we are for those who have come to know and accept Christ, and who are learning to be Christian leaders. But how great is the need of those others who haven't heard, because there is not one to tell them! Yes, today we prayed in Congo, as the women were praying in Japan and Burma and America. And we continue to pray that the women of our country as well as the women of the world, may truly be witnesses for the Christ who has brought the Light into their darkness.

"... FOR SO MANY YEARS"

PHYLLIS L. BENNER

IT gave me a start to read that phrase in the last issue of the *Congo News Letter*. Have I been *so* many years in the school work at Léopoldville? School *and* church, my mind said immediately. Church and school, with the emphasis on the church, for it is the church work which gives meaning and purpose to all our school and medical work. I came out as an evangelistic missionary, to work among women and girls. Other responsibilities have, of necessity, become mine, too, but never have I had school work to the exclusion of church. Last term and this one I worked and shall work in both.

Soon it *will* be many years here at Léopoldville. Ten years ago last Christmas, in 1944, I arrived for the first time. I came then with many hopes and plans for working with the women and girls of Léopoldville. Shortage of staff changed those plans. I have come back this time, for my third term, with even bigger hopes of developing the outreach of our church here.

That first time we were three on the station, the treasury family and me. Now we are eight, the treasury family, the secretary family, the mission school inspector, a family for the Léo work alone, and me. All our houses are full. All give much of their time to the Léopoldville station work, in spite of their other responsibilities.

"... for so many years" we have been handicapped in the development of our work here because of lack of staff.

"... for so many years" we have hoped and prayed and dreamed of being able to develop our witness through our church and Christian Center program.

"... for so many years" we have had to close our eyes to the great part of the work which we should have been doing, for, no matter how you talk and work, you can't become two people!

"... for so many years"—Perhaps the time we have been talking about is here now. Trumpets clutter our house, for Annis Ford is mending them with an eye to teaching our young people how to play them. We have had to search out another office out in the school and church center, to make ready for two people putting

in full time there in our work. The secretary's home and office buzz with new zeal and hope for pushing forward our building of the new school. Football teams. Scouts. Choir. A third room in our expanding dispensary. Enlarge the church or build a new one? A new series of rooms for the kindergarten classes. In every direction we teem with new plans and work. A new section of fifth grade. A Léopoldville boy entering the fourth year secondary school at Kimpese. Repair and enlarge Pastor Lubikulu's house. Evening classes for our adults.

Yet we cannot deceive ourselves. We are increased in numbers and strength. So is our city and its people and their needs. New suburbs are being built. New people are pouring in all the time. We are still only three on the station who can give full time to the station work. Much of the witness and work is on the shoulders of our African colleagues. There in lies the real hope of our expanding work these next years. Already a small nucleus of faithful workers has been developed, men and women who have served some years here, and plan to keep on. Others are being sought and trained.

Just before I left New York the last of February I was reminded again of how I happen now to be in Congo. All my preparation was for the far east. Then, just before I was commissioned, Mr. Farnum, who was then candidate secretary, asked if I would be willing to change my thoughts to Congo. I did, because I thought I should. I thanked him in February, and I thank him again now, for changing my plans to this country which has now become my own. I hope I shall serve it "– for so many years" and that we shall see grow up here a strong Christian witness and work binding all men together into the family of God.

"LIVING FOR JESUS"

SUSIE D. BROWN

"O Jesus, Lord and Saviour, I give myself to Thee;
For Thou in Thy atonement, Didst give Thyself for me;
I own no other Master, My heart shall be Thy throne,
My life I give, henceforth to live, O Christ, for Thee alone.

THUS we sang and met in unforgettable services of dedication with the young and old of our American Baptist Churches, literally across the country, from Maine to California. The year was 1954, — our year of furlough. Who can say which voice is uppermost in our minds and hearts, as of today? Those voices, singing and speaking in our English tongue, or these of our Congolese Christians and the great company of boys and girls yet to be won completely to the Saviour? Somehow they are all bound up together, both in our hearts' affections and in our daily intercession.

There were the fagot fires at the Camps, in Kansas, in Southeastern Iowa, in Arizona, — Zane Grey country under the Tonto Rim. Faces come back to us, appealing, tugging at our hearts that they may be true to those moments of high purpose. There was a lovable Junior boy who made his first public decision for Christ, an attractive American Indian girl who quietly took her place with others in commitment of life to the Lordship of Jesus Christ, the Senior Hi girl who accepted the older grayhaired missionary enough to properly initiate her into the circle of Campers with sawdust well sprinkled between her sheets! There were Mass meetings when, by the score, men and women gave witness that God is still speaking, — perhaps in a newly irresistible fashion during these present days, to the inmost consciousness by His Spirit. In the New York City area, fully a third of a Sunday evening audience rejoiced the Pastor with a response such as he had been praying for, for several years. Back in the rural Associations of Central Kansas, one knew by the unmistakable moving of the Spirit of God that hungry, responsive Church folk are preparing their hearts for Revival and new ventures for the Kingdom. The significance of such experiences to us as missionaries in Congo is

far reaching. We know that others too have been having similar joys. As we are faithful in prayer, we can be assured that the NOW for the Gospel in Congo will be met with *called and commissioned* young lives.

These experiences and the individuals sharing in them all had such a part in sending us back to Congo with renewed courage and the increasing wonder that *we* have been entrusted with the Good News for all peoples. There came a day, after a long and stormy trip of nearly two months, when Congolese friends, missionary colleagues and our Bible Institute family welcomed us back. It was so overwhelming as to almost literally take us off our feet. Who would ever exchange such a welcome for the mere worldly ovation of a ride in an open limousine and a shower of ticker tape? The students sang for us their theme song, "Seeking the Lost", of course translated into Kikongo. We were moved profoundly. Not only is American Youth, with all their many generations of Christian teaching and privilege, responding to the Call of Christ, but here are first and second generation Christian families giving themselves to Him that others too may know deliverance from darkness and sin.

Lewis has just returned from itinerating in a comparatively new area where a handful of faithful witnesses have started a school and won the nucleus of a church. A family, after a period of study at the Institute, is being installed over there for the nurture of converts and village evangelism. Villages visited, on foot or on bicycle, were twenty and twenty-five miles apart thru beautiful rolling country, with buffaloes in herds like cattle, the track pads of lions commonly seen along the forest paths, and the Kwango River which one must cross in going from Kikongo teeming with crocodiles and hippos. BUT, occasional attempts, — occasional, because of lack of staff, not of missionary concern, have resulted in a scattering of boys having come in to the station school, gone back with Christian experience and a desire to win their own people to Jesus Christ. Now, the whole section is wide open to us and the Gospel. People, by the score, have burned their fetishes, knowing so well the futility of such trust, but have such a meager acquaintance with the Word. As is true in any land, there are also present those who capitalize on such ignorance

for their own benefit. A man is going about, offering to turn their fetishes, for a price. His sack of money is large and heavy, they say. He has another little catch in the transaction too. If they really want to escape disaster in some new form, then they must also be very careful not to go into the forest, for firewood, game or food on any Friday. Have we ever realized before just why the Apostle Paul had so much to say about salvation by Faith and the Christian walk, by faith?

Yes, the youth of Congo are having unprecedented opportunities for education while every single Christian teacher is overloaded and overburdened; the sick are ever here while our medical staff is attempting with so few to do the humanly impossible; the clamor for the Christian message is a pounding at our doors and at our hearts. Who, of those who sang with us during the last year "My life I give, henceforth to live, O Christ, for Thee alone" are ready right now to present themselves for this strategic need? A new school year for the Institute begins tomorrow. We claim for them the leading and illumination of the Spirit of God, that with burning hearts aflame with His love and minds enlightened by His Word, these men and women may also join with American Youth, "Seeking the lost ones He died to redeem, Bringing the weary to find rest in Him."

THE PLEASURES OF AN EVANGELISTIC MISSIONARY

ROLAND METZGER

THE moment the car rolls past the entrance to Sona Bata and out on to the main auto road, I heave a deep sigh. If it were not for the fact that Lillian and our two boys have to be left behind, district travel would be almost pure pleasure.

This may seem strange, when one considers the vagaries of travel. Even my beloved Chev. Carryall, which experience has proved to my satisfaction to be the best all around vehicle for my

needs, occasionally needs coaxing. A tire can fail. Dirt from carelessly strained gas can plug up even the most efficient carburetor. Mud or sand are always hazards on some of the wild and rarely cared for bush roads which are so often our lot. Even when we arrive in a village without incident our sleeping accomodations may leave much to be desired. I have had to sleep in mud houses

where small, but active, lice and jiggers have left me a mass of itching bites. Leaking thatch roofs in the heavy tropical rains were so common that I have now rigged a plastic cover over the top of my mosquito net so that I can at least go bed to keep dry. This seemed to have solved the rain problem until in one village I was given a brand new house. The thatch roof was perfect, but the walls had not yet been filled in with mud and were just the open framework. Having barely set up camp, one of the heaviest rain storms I have seen in Congo fell upon us. The rain in solid sheets drove horizontally right through the house. In minutes the bed and everything I had with me, as well as myself, were a soaked and dripping mess. Then why is it, with such experiences and others, like running out of bread and flour, or finding, 100 miles from home, that the can opener was left out of the chop box, that I write so glowingly of the almost unadulterated pleasures of district itinerating? Let me tell you why.

First, it is the sense of being truly at grips with the task to which one has primarily been called. One can see and feel more easily the effectiveness of ones preaching and ministry in the more simple village life. Our mission stations are great centers of complex activities. In the village sin and evil stand out stark and black, to be dealt with by the Word which is sharper than any two edged sword.

Second, there is more time to sit down and talk with folks. There is just too much to do on the station. In the villages in the late afternoon while wandering from house to house to leave a word of greeting and an invitation to the evening service, but especially around the campfire at night after the service, one gets close to the heart of Congo. It is a warm, friendly heart. It is a happy heart, with a bubbling sense of humor. It is a searching heart. Here probably is done the most effective soul winning. Here too the missionary will have the best opportunity for learning the language of the people.

A third reason for enjoying the district is that problems are limited to local ones. On the station there are the complex problems of a great beehive, plus a steady flood of letters and visitors from the 50 district churches of our Sona Bata field, and hundreds of letters from former residents now living in Leopold-

ville and many other parts of the Congo. Rarely do these follow one out into the villages. So, difficult though some local problems may be, they are only a fraction of those which must be faced on the station.

Oh my yes, district travel is really a pleasure, but after a week or more it is mighty wonderful to get back home. To have a real bath, to sit down at the dinner table with your family, to hear two little boys vying with each other to tell all that they have been doing, what more could one ask for? Who wants to travel? And yet, next time, as the car rolls past the entrance to Sona Bata and out on to the main auto road — — — —, ah, there I go again!

THE KITCHEN DOOR

OUR beautiful little stone church seating about eight hundred, has one front and two side doorways. On either side of the platform is a small room with doors usually locked. Such is the scene of the morning prayer service.

"Here we are in God's house. At my right is a door, closed, locked. At certain times this door opens and I can talk with the pastor and pay my tithes. On my left is a door, locked. To open this I must have money and pay for any books I want to read and study. But there are three doorways through which we may freely enter into God's house and presence, to bow and pray, or stand and praise God. It costs nothing but our love, our desire. Jesus is like these doorways, always there is a way for us to come in and go out."

"In our villages, think of the most important door of all—the kitchen door. Our mothers and the womenfolk go in and out and prepare the food for the family and for strangers. Out from the kitchen door comes water to bathe, water to drink, food to nourish our bodies. Jesus is like the kitchen door, source of the water and bread to fit and nourish us for eternal life."

— ESAIE MUMBAMBILA

A CONGO FABLE

THE BAT AND THE SUN

LONG ago the Sun and the Bat were good friends. They saw each other every day and understood each other very well. The Bat often went up into the sky to see the Sun and the Sun often came down to the earth to see the Bat.

One day the Sun went to see the Bat to tell him that his child, the Moon, was ill and that he had become very thin.

"My friend", replied the Bat, "I have a fetish which is an infallable cure for children's illnesses and I shall loan it to you. You only have to hang it around the neck of your child and he will be cured quickly."

The Sun took the fetish, returned home and put the fetish on his child's neck. Everyone thought that the Moon would die, but after a few days he became better and began to put on weight.

After a little while, the child of the Bat became ill also, and he became angry because the Sun had not returned his fetish. The Bat went to get it from the Sun, but the Sun replied that he was very busy, that he was going on a voyage in the west but he would return on the following day.

"Tomorrow will be too late," said the Bat.

"No, no, come back tomorrow," said the Sun.

The Bat returned home and found that his child had already died. In spite of his grief, the Bat went out and cried to the Sun who was now far in the west. "Never again shall I look at you; it is finished between you and me forever." Since that time, the Bat hangs with his head down in the daytime and does not go out except in the night so that he will never again see the Sun.

Taken from "Fables congolaises" collected by J. Davidson.

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Miss Elizabeth Spinney, R.N.

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Miss Margaret Alsen
Mr. and Mrs. Robert Barnett
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